The Bystander, October 30, 1918. No. 778. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

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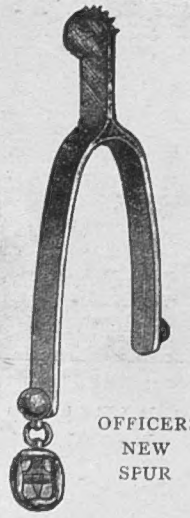

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

All for the Knock-Out

THE German reply to Mr. Wilson's Note is merely the back-chat of the prize-ring, and dull at that. The real answer is to be found in the swinging rights and lefts—the hammer blows of the merry men of the inimitable Foch and the dour Haig. After all, the heroic Max is outside the ropes. He is merely spluttering out his silliness in the hope of putting our men off their game. His own draggled combatants are groggy and reeling, and he seeks to save them from the punishment that is their due. The struggle at the moment is terrific and infinitely tragic, but, after all, it is a short cut to humanity.

Max the Showman

ACCORDING to him the gentle Hun is a sweet incarnation of all the beatitudes. The waste cities of France and Belgium are mere optical delusions. All the outrages are a myth and the foul crimes a bewildering legend. The Hun is a perfect gentleman, a veritable knight of grace and an immaculate Sir Galahad, whose kindly hand it would be an honour to clasp! All I can say is, if people who wallow in hell really believe they are in heaven, they have all that they deserve or are likely to get of the better place. And it is for us to make quite certain that they realise very quickly their deserts.

The Amazing Lord Milner

LORD MILNER has "crashed" in a single interview. He is pigeon-holed with Lord Lansdowne and labelled with the mystic Haldane. The whole British nation, indignant and angry, has edged right away from him. What an utter sickening farce it is to suggest that in a few weeks the German people have undergone any such change as will guarantee their decency. Even if they have altered their Government, does any sane person imagine that it is anything but a trick of the moment, a deception to secure an advantage?

Into Lansdownism

SO far as I can glean it, the Milner argument runs on these lines: (1) You cannot—whatever you want to do, smash up the Hun nation. You have to live in the same world with them and live with them, *therefore* do so and so *and* so and so. (The "so and so's" are to be prescribed, I gather, by those supremely patriotic people, the I.L.P., the ineffable Lord Haldane, and Lords Lansdowne and Milner, etc. Perhaps E. D. "Morel," as Lord of the Council of Simpering Amity and Truckling Forgiveness). Of course, the answer of history is that the smash-up can be done and has been done; and the demand of justice is that it *must* be done. At least so say most of *us*.

The Kinship of Free Peoples

THEN (2) we are told that the moment we succeed in imposing "democracy" on the Germans we fling them into the loving embraces of their brother democrats in Europe and the West. What will Mr. Havelock Wilson and his sturdy fellows say to that? The Socialist I.L.P. rabble will always be on the hunt for "brothers" if only they are sufficiently nasty and malevolent, but the sound and loyal and infuriated British worker will not touch his "brother" Hun

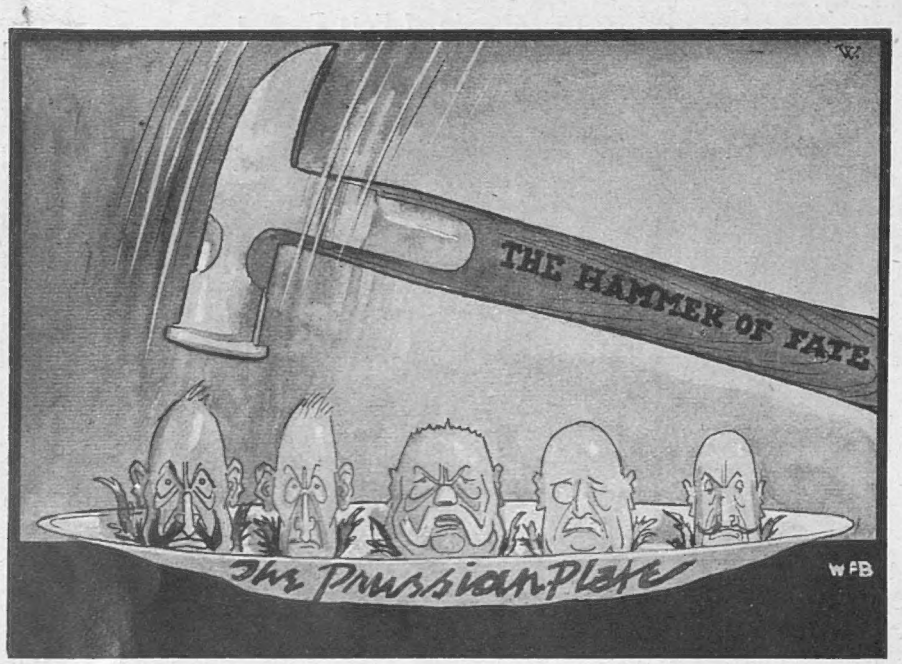
A CLEAN SWEEP
"Pooh! What a dust, before it's fit for visitors to sit in"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

with a forty-foot barge-pole, unless it be for the purpose of trussing him. And, incidentally, they will have short shrift when the time comes for those quaint, intolerable, and quite un-English Hunnish bureaucratic devices which increasingly envelop us in our life nowadays from dawn till night. No, indeed, we are not going to be Prussianised at home by M.P. tinkerers and amateur reformers as *our* reward of victory over Prussianism.

The Candid Friend

THE Kaiser and his Junkers are probably by this time sorry that they ever started that friendly little correspondence with President Wilson. What the Psalmist said in his haste of all men the President repeats at his leisure concerning the rulers of the German Empire. And they have now got the plain, cold facts of the case—beyond a peradventure! It remains only for Marshal Foch to proclaim the terms of his armistice; and in this respect he is not likely to go wrong, because he has had free tips given him by several journals in Fleet Street, showing him just where the Huns are trying to trip him up, and just what terms he must insist on accordingly. So the veteran Marshal cannot plead that he didn't know.



ALL HALLOWS E'EN, 1918
Awaiting their crack of doom

Without Prejudice

THE German suggestion that a Commission composed of neutrals should investigate the charges of sin and outrage committed by the Huns during the last four years is as cool as it is amusing. The only neutrals in the world are those who live in fear of what is still left of the Prussian mailed fist, and their views are not at all important. The Hun in this respect is something like the enthusiastic art-collector, who wrote to a friend: "Some idiot says that my Gainsborough is a copy. I'll break any man's bones who says my Gainsborough is a copy. Pray come and give me your candid opinion of it."

No Word for it!

A POINT about the German note to President Wilson was the difficulty apparently experienced in securing a proper translation. The Swiss official in charge seems to have found the language so slippery that it had no equivalents in honest Anglo-Saxon. The necessity of precision in these matters is well appreciated by the American Government. It is on record that on one historic occasion a French envoy brought a Note to the then President in which the word *demande*—meaning, of course, "request"—was translated by the English word "demand." The Government of the day was not in the mood to have concessions demanded of it, however, and there was a promise of a good deal of unpleasantness, until some better-instructed translator gave the word its correct interpretation.

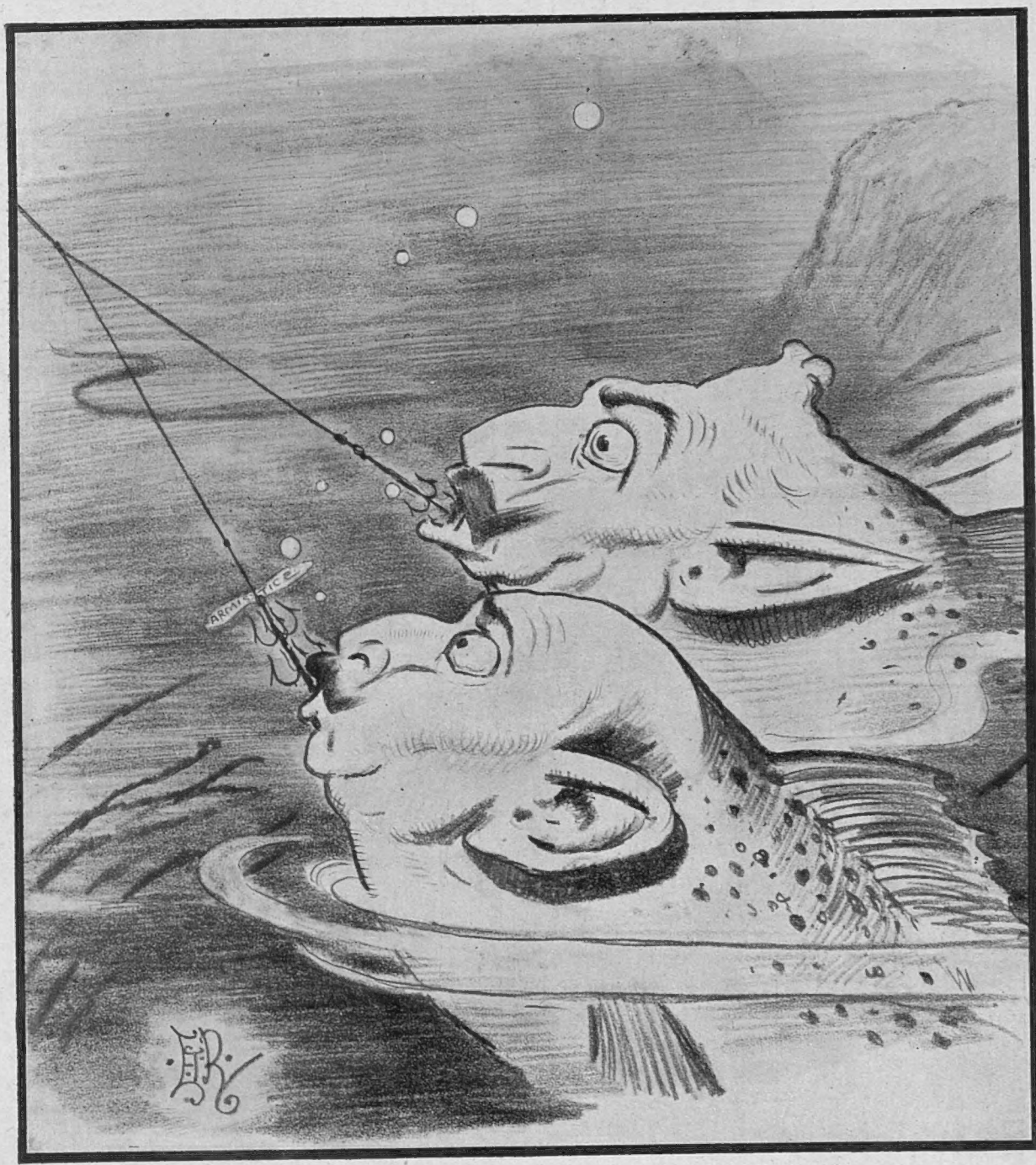
Talk About Influenza!

IT—the influenza, I mean—is a very serious matter. Four years of murderous war have inured us to losses almost too sore for human hearts to bear, but this scourge has found in us fresh capacities for suffering. Yet a certain sense of sardonic humour is stirred in one by the talk going on in the newspapers about the causes of the disease, the reason why it is so prevalent, and the precautions to be taken against infection. But the medical advisers, as reported in the newspapers, attain the top of absurdity. We are told by these gentlemen to avoid crowded tramcars, and 'buses, to indulge in a generous diet, and to go to bed at the first sneeze. The strain, worry, grief, and hardships entailed by the war, have helped the insidious "'Flu" to extend its ravages; but that very fact renders these medical advices mostly foolish counsels of irritating impracticability. We have to "get on with the war" here at home, and that entails daily efforts in which crowded tramcars and 'buses are merely necessary incidents. The ration books, and also the restaurants, confine our diet within limits far from generous, and the quality of the food we must eat is determined by powers far beyond the prayers of the simple citizen. As for that sneeze—well, much of the scare talk should be regarded as "prejudicial to the safety of the realm."

Women M.P.'s

WHAT a time there is ahead of us—what a time! And how will it pan out? I fancy that quite

The Line That Won't Break



THE KAISER-FISH: "Wriggle! Wriggle, Max—for all you are worth! He is landing us!"
THE REIDISKANGLER-FISH: "Vat is ze goot of saying 'wriggle' mit dose peastly, idiotic American gondrivances? I haf swallowed fourteen, and now ze more I wriggle ze more fresh points he schticks in!"

a number of men will vote for women (if they are womanly) and nearly all the women will plump for men (if they are manly). *Therefore*, as women are in a majority of the voters we are *not* likely to have bonnets on the floor of the House.

Obituary

IT is with very deep regret that we announce the death, on October 22 last, from pneumonia following on influenza, of Mr. Alexander J. M. Gray, for so many years motoring contributor to THE BYSTANDER. Mr. Gray had only recently commenced contributing also the motoring feature of the *Daily Graphic*. Although we knew him principally as a member of the literary staff, we are able to appreciate and echo the words of a friend, who writes: "In Alec Gray we lose one of the most graceful penmen who ever touched on automobile topics, a journalist with a very fine understanding of automobilism, The motoring world will very seriously miss one who so signally appreciated the importance to the world of the motor movement he did so much, so ably, to develop."

"Our Day"

IN THE CAMOUFLAGE CAMP AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE

The centre of attraction was the auction mart, where George Robey sold and re-sold the pig presented to the Queen, but "At the Sign of the Airship," the witches' cauldron, the fairy well, and other side shows were well patronised by the immense crowds that thronged the Square, at the Red Cross Fair on October 24th

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 28, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

HERE in London now the flood of peace talk has subsided a bit and we're getting on with the war again. Fortunately, they've been getting on with it all the time, the fighting men on sea and air and land, by whom our England is so well served. While here, to the gratification of the enemy, we prated of peace, over there in the Flanders mud, on those dreadful, desolate battle-fields, there was fighting bitter as any of the war.

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AND as we cheered (some of us), and bawled "God Save the King," and shook hands and toasted victory—over there, where when the enemy was not conducting a retirement that, as someone says, will go down to history as great military strategy, he was defending certain places with all his still mighty force in order that the main army might get backun impaired to its final fastnesses on the German frontier. They say the talk of armistice, of peace, of victory has resulted in a perfect orgy of extravagance and entertainment over here. Over there there has been an orgy too—a holocaust of youth, a symposium of suffering and pain. One does not, of course, firing premature salvos of peace, bother much about casualty lists; but they are, you know, though in small type and hidden away, always there.

"Shook hands and toasted victory"

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THOSE of us whom the war has hurt, what shall we do, I wonder, when it really is, at last, peace? Be glad, of course, with the others, though

> The dark fire of sorrow
> Is burning in my brain—

and hang out the flags, and put it sternly aside—though memory's spear turns agonisingly—that desire of the heart-broken to go away and hide. For this is what they fought for, the immortal armies of our dead, and tears will not build up a world that must go on without them. But tears will be their tribute, and with tears, at the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them—

Ah! light of mine eyes, what gift shall I send thee? What gift to the other world? The apple rots, and the quince decayeth, and one by one they perish, the petals of the rose! I send thee my tears bound in a napkin, and what though the napkin burns, if my tears reach thee at last?

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MUST be shadows, mustn't there, or we wouldn't love the sunshine so? And there is this, that love has no age, no limit, and no death, while for those, our dearest and our best, who have fallen, as Shelley mourned for Keats

> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> They are secure. . . .

And talking of sunshine, you cannot imagine how unutterably beautiful autumn is here in England now.

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IN London, of course, most of the leaves have fallen, and the Park looks like winter, and by tea-time it's evening. If "Spring comes slowly up this way," autumn comes quickly—and goes, too, in a flash, like youth. But in the country, where summer lingers, there is such a *glory* of colour. Flaming gold and Tyrian purple and the warm, shining brown of chestnut and the yellow of the bracken and the bright blood red of creepers—how lovely is our England!

"Over there in the Flanders mud, on those desolate battlefields"

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AND how awful this madness of war. I had been revelling in the loveliness of autumn England in Burnham Woods, the other day—and within a few minutes was where a Red Cross train was unloading its burden of brave, but oh! so terribly tortured and broken humanity. These were not those "cheery" wounded one sees on visiting days in the hospitals or taking the air in the streets. These were men as war leaves them—wrecks of humanity, poor, piteous beings, writhing in pain, exhausted, sweating, unconscious.

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THE ambulances crept at a snail's pace—and *that* was too fast for their gasping burden—up the long hill to the famous hospital that stands so high above the river, once a citadel of delights, now a

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

palace of pain. The men inside were too ill to see, but oh! a sight for sad eyes indeed this autumn England after the mud and dirt and desolation of poor, battle-scarred France and Flanders, blasted, shell-torn, stripped of trees and homes—dust-heaps where once were fields and gardens, ruins where stood prosperous villages and towns.

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I THINK those who "enjoy" the war—and they are not a few—should vary their amusements now and again. A cheery party got up to see unloaded from an ambulance train some of war's leavings would, anyway, prove piquant contrast. And they say variety's the spice of life, don't they?

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BY the way, talking of "up the river" *and* of piquant contrasts, one gets a satisfying meal of the last—contrasts, I mean—on those occasions when, after reading in the paper some new and terrible tale of the tragedy of our prisoners in Germany, one is regaled on the station platform of a famous riverside town with the spectacle of *their* prisoners here in England.

"German officer prisoners, well groomed—well fed"

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NO need to repeat—all who run must have read or ought to have read—the unending tragic tale of those unspeakable atrocities committed on British prisoners of war which move all England to tears and indignation—but seemingly leaves the Government unconcerned! Anyway, they haven't yet, after only four and a half years of war, *done* anything about it. But of our poor men's unhappy state—half-starved, half-naked, overworked, diseased, verminous, unwashed, mad, ill—we have had pictures and enough, and there is that last true story of the man shot through the lungs.

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HE moaned with the agony of his neglected wounds, so the Boche doctor, annoyed, gave the unhappy man a blow in the chest with his fist. "He came back crying to the ward, and in the morning died, after a night of agony. . . ."

"British prisoners . . . half starved"

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AFTER which it is, as I say, a *most* piquant contrast to meet on a fine October morning such German prisoners of war as are enjoying (which is quite the right word, you know) *our* hospitality—especially those in the Thames valley, for it is there, where the nation's honoured guests are always entertained, that they apparently send the most distinguished. Cigars in mouth and wearing a generally well-fed, well-groomed, well-watered (or brandied), and well-bedded air, a party of them recently paced the aforesaid riverside platform under the care of an apparently most friendly-disposed British officer and a private.

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ONE felt it really quite a scandal that such obvious *hochwohlgeborene* should be forced by a hard-hearted enemy Government to travel third-class with mere British commoners. Oh, yes! I know that in Germany *our* men, even the sick and wounded, travel in filthy cattle-trucks, herded together like sheep, or are forced to march—at the point of the Boche bayonet. But that's quite different, isn't it?

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BY THE WAY, one of those battle-fighters I told you of, who irreverently smiled at the strafing of Blanche by an irate Chaplain, because she encourages young men to be Thoroughly Bad, now writes me, in what he fondly imagines to be the proper irate-clerical style:—

> I'm having another operation on my leg to-morrow, just to show there's no ill-feeling—my thirty-third in three and a half years—but what I really wanted to write to you about, Blanche, old thing, is the sinful way in which you are leading our boys (in navy and khaki) astray by your frivolous writings. The word I cannot tolerate is "flamin'" in your letter dated October 14. How can we win the flamin' war with words like that flying about? Oh! woman (if such you are) pull up your sox (or stockings).
>
> (Signed) VILLAGE CURATE.

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REMINDS me, looks like as if it's going to be a bit of a flamin' question, the way we're to help win the war by doing without coal and things this winter. Someone, it seems, has blundered. For unto some has been given more in the way of fuel than they'd ever dreamed of burning before, while others'll have to spend half their day in bed to avoid frost-bite. I can see some of these Fuel Controllers being fairly smothered with bouquets—I—don't—think. Can't you?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

"Carrying On"

No. 6.—THE R.A.F. GIRL

The Feminine Future

By THE OLD GUARD

WITH the consoling prospect of an early ending to this unconscionable war, 'twould seem, brothers, that we are called upon to consider the future of our womenkind, or those of them who have gone forth into factory and field to take the place of men called away to a bigger and more urgent job. 'Tis an odd delusion of our pastors and masters that they alone can fitly decide the future destiny of woman. The lesson of the war has taught them nothing; and they yet do not see that in a day of crumbling dynasties the age-long kingship of mere man is like to be shorn of much of its divine right. There are not wanting fair champions ready to fling the challenging gauntlet at his feet, and, be the ensuing contest one of brain or brawn, it will, in our opinion, tax his available resources to the limit.

STRANGE it is, masters, that, after centuries of misgovernment in mundane affairs, it should still be found difficult to realise that where there are two sexes to be governed there should be likewise two sexes among the governors. The fact that one sex should claim the right to speak for the other sex in all matters concerning the life here and the life to come would be regarded as a splendid jest but for the fact that our governing bodies so rarely have a sense of humour. To-day, forsooth! though a woman may vote for a candidate for Parliament, she may not herself be nominated for the membership of that dismal institution, even though there should be, perchance, under discussion, the provisions of an epoch-making Bill to Control the Casual Employment of the Safety-pin.

THE noisy, red-faced opponents of a wider horizon for woman, seem, when they speak of the sex, always to have in mind the giggling girl of the period, with her irresponsible eyes, and her bodice with its daringly deep gap at the neck, though, God wot! with no sort of justification for the extravagance that was ever apparent to ourself. Yet, the course of the war has told us that women can work as well as wink. As to the former, their record has been admittedly a splendid one. As to the latter, we are nothing if not discreet; and, bitter though the pill may be to swallow, your true journalist, however sadly beset for news, tells no tales out of school.

IN the country the Diana-like worker in the fields is a sight to lift up the drooping heart; but even the dweller in the city may see to-day the woman police-constable. To ourself, nurtured in older tradition, the existence of the official feminine is perplexing. One of the legacies left to us of a mis-spent youth is the ever-present yearning, at the sight of a brawny policeman, to try to find out whether he is yet the better man. The presence of the woman police officer, however, places us in a quandary. Constitutionally opposed though we be to arbitrary authority in blue and buttons, the merest dictates of chivalry would prevent us from defiantly inviting any six of them to try to push us where we had no mind to go. We are old enough to cling to the grand old creed that woman is made for softer battles—even though the woman police-constable would seem by her looks to give this amiable belief the lie direct.

IN the settlement of the future of our womenkind, woman will rightly claim a voice; and in that case, at the risk of being held ungallant, we will speak the truth and confess that no other voice will then be audible. By the favour of the gods it may be that the voice will sometimes be that of the young woman who has still a woman's life to lead. The dismal failure of most of our legislation is sadly due to the fact that it was ever engineered by old men and sexless prelates, who spoke for a world that lived in the land of dreams and not for the world of things as they are. In the legislation of the future there will be the cold common-sense, the useful humour, and—if the Fates be propitious—the gentle waywardness of the eternal feminine, and the world will at last have rolled out of the shadow into its rightful place in the sun.

A WAR AIM

"Will the war be over by Christmas, daddy?"
"Perhaps so, sonny"
"Will sweets be two ounces a penny, daddy?"

No Answer

PASSED BY CENSOR

"What's the matter with your 'ead Bill—Pelmanism? or caught it on a barrage?"

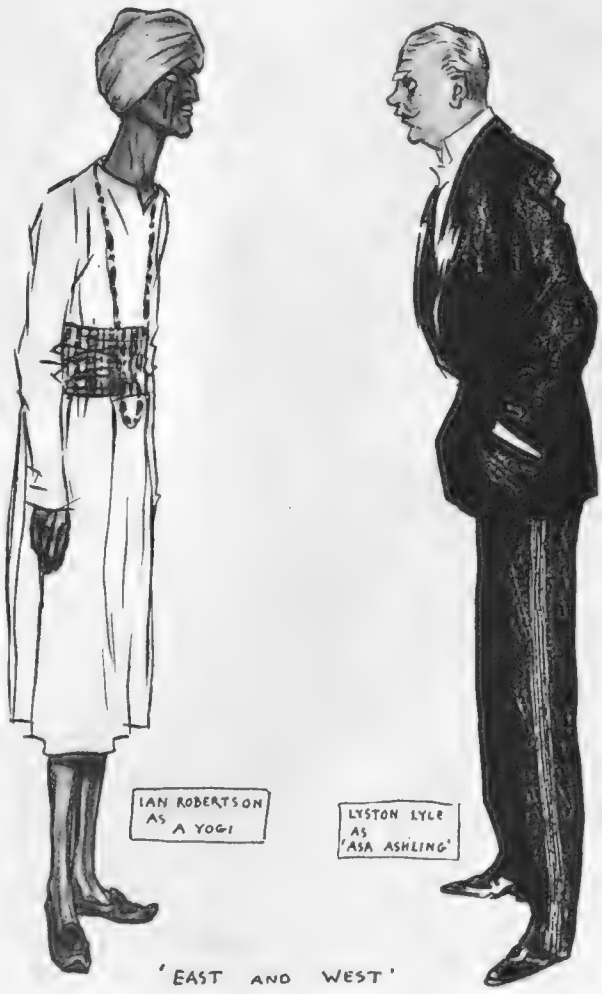
BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE EYES OF YOUTH
AT THE ST JAMES'S

By "JINGLE"
ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER

IT is all very interesting; indeed, if the parts of which it is composed had been joined up more closely, it seems to me that this play would have been quite distinguished. We begin with Gina Ashling, a quiet and intensely respectable suburban young lady who is beginning to be interested in her future. Three young men want to marry her, and an Italian impresario wants to have her educated and trained for the prima donna industry. She does not commit the absurd mistake made by so many young women of deciding to marry the man she loves and leaving the rest to Fate; but she sits down calmly to weigh the material advantage of each offer at her disposal, and wishes she could see far enough into the future to learn how they would all turn out.

ENTER, therefore, a Yogi with a crystal—one of those glass things that you stare into at half-a-guinea a time in Bond Street in order to find out who it is that is pinching your cigars so systematically. The apology for the crystal is very well made by Mr. Ian Robertson. He points out that nobody supposes that you can tell what really will happen in the future; but, on the other hand, a study of the characteristics of our neighbours, combined with a knowledge of their heredity and environment, will very often enable us to predict with tolerable accuracy the course of their future life. I suppose this is a position to which we may all subscribe. The man, for instance, who runs for his train every morning, on the top of a liberal breakfast, will probably begin taking patent medicines as a regular thing somewhere about the age of forty; while if he be a man born of thrifty parents in the city of Aberdeen, we can see far enough into the future to be able to discern the hopeless fate of our confidential application for the loan of a fiver till the end of the month, or thereabouts.



'EAST AND WEST'

GINA ASHLING, therefore, fixes her mind on the circumstances of one of the men who wants to marry her if she will only wait till he has grown rich and famous; and while she has got her eye glued to the crystal the scene changes. We are now in a village schoolroom with quite a number of delightful children. The schoolmistress is Gina herself, a little worn and faded with years, and with evidently no patience with these patent hair washes that they say keep your hair from turning prematurely grey. In the process of waiting for her hero to become wealthy she has grown dreadfully old; and when she hears from him at last, and is prepared to rush at him and lay her head on his shoulder, daddy, so to speak, all he has to say is that he has decided to marry her younger sister instead, and that's that. When Gina looks up from the crystal it is clear to her that she is not going to give any

encouragement to a man of that sort; so she ticks him off her list and begins, as it were, to walk round the offer of the impresario and his musical training.

Off we go. A swift change of scene takes us to a dressing-room at the Opera House, Paris. Gina has been through her musical training, and, as anticipated, has become a tremendously fine singer and a popular favourite. But, like most great artists, she is capricious. To-night, for instance, there is only the understudy to join her on the stage and she will not sing with a man who wears the same collar two nights running, or something of that sort. The impresario tells Gina that he knows what is turning her head. Besides being musical, as a great singer ought to be, she is a very beautiful woman, and he has heard that she accepts invitations from rich young men to supper and all that. Ah, naughty! Gina's excuse is that she doesn't earn enough by her singing to pay her current expenses; and now that she comes to think of it, she is fed-up with the music industry and proposes to give it up altogether, and that's all there is about it. Then the impresario, apparently wishing to make the best of a bad bargain, becomes a little tiresomely affectionate, and Gina's brother, therefore, pulls a revolver out of his pocket and shoots the fellow down. Must keep these manager chaps in their places, don't you know, what?

This little glimpse into the future is clearly not very satisfactory; and Gina very properly resolves that if that's what a musical education leads to, she had better sing in a minor key for the rest of her time. She next, therefore, looks into the future of another of her suitors, a middle-aged man of considerable wealth, to see what luck she would have if she married him. As it happens he proves to be a very dreadful person. Oh, *yes*; didn't you know? Got tired of his wife very quickly, and was petitioning for a divorce after a month or two. Of course, poor dear, she was as

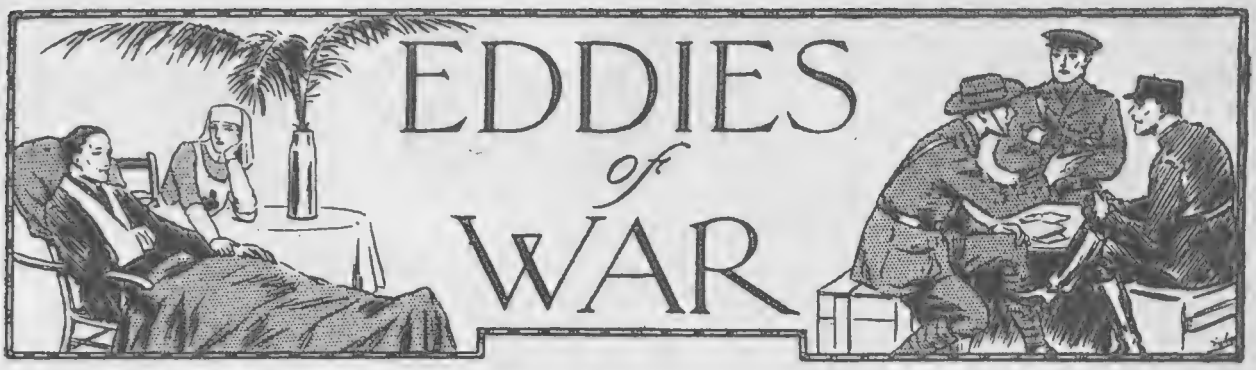
innocent as anything; but somehow they got dreadful witnesses in court to prove that she had been seen in a house of doubtful reputation with a handsome stranger; and—would you believe it?—the horrid fellow got his divorce although Gina told them right out in court that she had been trapped into going to the house in question by the receipt of a message that her husband was lying ill there. Some of us don't seem to have any luck, do we?

THIS disastrous glimpse into the future needs a second scene to develop it properly. Two years have elapsed since the divorce and Gina has come to the seamy side of life. And then all at once the destiny of the third suitor is unfolded. Gina had never followed him up through the crystal because she had understood that he had married in South America and had so passed out of her life. As it happens, however, the young man did not marry. False alarm! He happens to be strolling past a fashionable restaurant just as Gina is on the spot, and the young people fall into each other's arms quite naturally. And when everybody wakes up and we get back to where we started, Gina is in the happy position of being able to decide which of the prospects open to her is the one to bet on.

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, who is, of course, Lady Forbes-Robertson, has been rather ambitious in her choice of a part with so many shades of character; but she is, on the whole, very successful. The Yogi of Mr. Ian Robertson is a performance that stands out with a distinction of its own. The authors have, to begin with, written up the part as if they loved it, and Mr. Robertson gives it just the touch that is needed to make it convincing. It seemed to me that the story at times lacked coherence, and the characters in some cases are so lightly sketched that it is not easy to identify them on the programme. Miss Elliott appears to have overlooked the detail that her theme is one which affords so many opportunities for rich and rare humour, and it is, perhaps, to be regretted that we did not have at least one scene of a lighter kind to leaven the rather dismal whole. JINGLE

Yet Another Retirement

LADY: "Well, how is your toe this morning?"
TOMMY: "Pretty good, thank you—the doctor says it be on the *heal* now!"



NO FLOWERS, BY REQUEST.

By DELL LEIGH

When Monsieur le Capitaine Perrier died, the announcement of his decease came as a distinct shock even to those of his comrades in England who were inured, by long association, to battle, murder and sudden death. That he was killed accidentally, in the most stupid manner, made matters worse. And we were really very sad about it. Perrier was the best *liaison* officer I have ever encountered, and I know lots. He was not a *liaison* officer by trade. He had quite other duties. But he became, unofficially, the *liaison* of good fellowship and the real sporting instinct between us in England and his gallant *confrères* on the other side. He brought a whiff of pre-war Paris with him every time he walked into the club smoking-room. We all loved him and misunderstood him. He loved and understood us. And then he died.

Colonel Galatea shared, in common with us all, the shock of Perrier's death, although he scarcely knew him. But unlike us, who became rapidly immersed again in the kaleidoscope of war, he pondered on it; and, like the young man having great possessions, he went away sorrowful. Something must be done, thought the gallant Colonel, to mark the sorrow of the Service, and the immediate thing that suggested itself was, of course, a wreath. So Galatea hied him forthwith to Pygmalion Sœurs, that Florist of Florists in Regent Street, and explained the situation.

He was met more than half way in his narrative. "*Mais certainement, mon Colonel, ne vous inquiétes plus—le pauvre garçon, diable!*" And, behold a wreath of wreaths was added to the multitude of wreaths that covered Perrier's pyre.

"Five pounds only, my Colonel, a nominal charge merely, it will be all that is of the most exquisite—*vous-allez voir.*" And Galatea paid.

The Entente had been consolidated. Honour was satisfied. A faithful ally had been laid to rest beneath a fitting emblem of English affection. Later, however, it occurred to Galatea that, although not actually bereft by the loss of five pounds, this was surely a matter for the State rather than for the pockets of individuals, since Perrier was a personage, and a guest of this country.

He launched, therefore, an official "docket" from the shipways of his Department, couched in a masterly manner, indicating that it seemed to him that his expenditure should rightly be borne by the funds at the disposal of His Majesty's Government, and expressed the hope that the necessary credit might be forthcoming in due course from Local Auditor, Command Cashier, or other appropriate Department. Receipted account attached.

The docket went forth upon its adventurous journey, was tossed upon the turbulent seas of pay offices. Was twice shipwrecked in the wrong Department, and salved, after weeks of searching, by means of pink requisition slips; and eventually came to anchor, not inconsiderably damaged in transit, on the table of a potentate of Pay and Allowances.

He read conscientiously the forty-seven "minutes," all signed by acquaintances of Perrier, all agreeing "in principle," but having no precedent; and himself subscribed an order that the matter should be "favourably considered in the light of the foregoing remarks."

This was tantamount to an order to pay up, and the man who received it, who had never heard of Perrier, and whose watchword was "Obstruction," was filled with righteous indignation.

He countered cleverly by asking in writing, of thirteen different authorities "under what heading of expenditure can this claim be rightfully borne, please?" Twelve wise men from the East answered "I haven't a notion," in twelve different sentences.

The thirteenth, however, who had heard one of Perrier's inimitable stories, had a brain wave, and replied (through the preceding twelve channels): "On the basis of hospitality to Foreign Officers, I am of opinion that this is a reasonable claim against 'Entertainment Allowances.'"

And twelve good men and true said, in twelve different ways, "I concur."

Colonel Galatea had the favourable verdict conveyed to him through an unauthorised intermediary, and patted himself on the back, so to speak.

But before the banker's draft could be actually signed, the papers had to be placed before a *very* high Authority. He read all the correspondence very carefully and deplored the somewhat hilarious heading under which the amount was placed. So he took a pen and wrote, in his solitude, somewhat as follows:

". . . . . As Colonel Galatea had subscribed (he had) to the claim made, there was no objection, etc., etc." . . . but he "could trace no heading under which the expenditure could justly be placed, except, perhaps, the Non-Regular Expenditure Account, etc., etc. . . . . for your remarks please."

And thereafter the docket died, by accident, as had poor Perrier. But Galatea thinks it is all very interesting and instructive. Don't you?

"DER TAG"

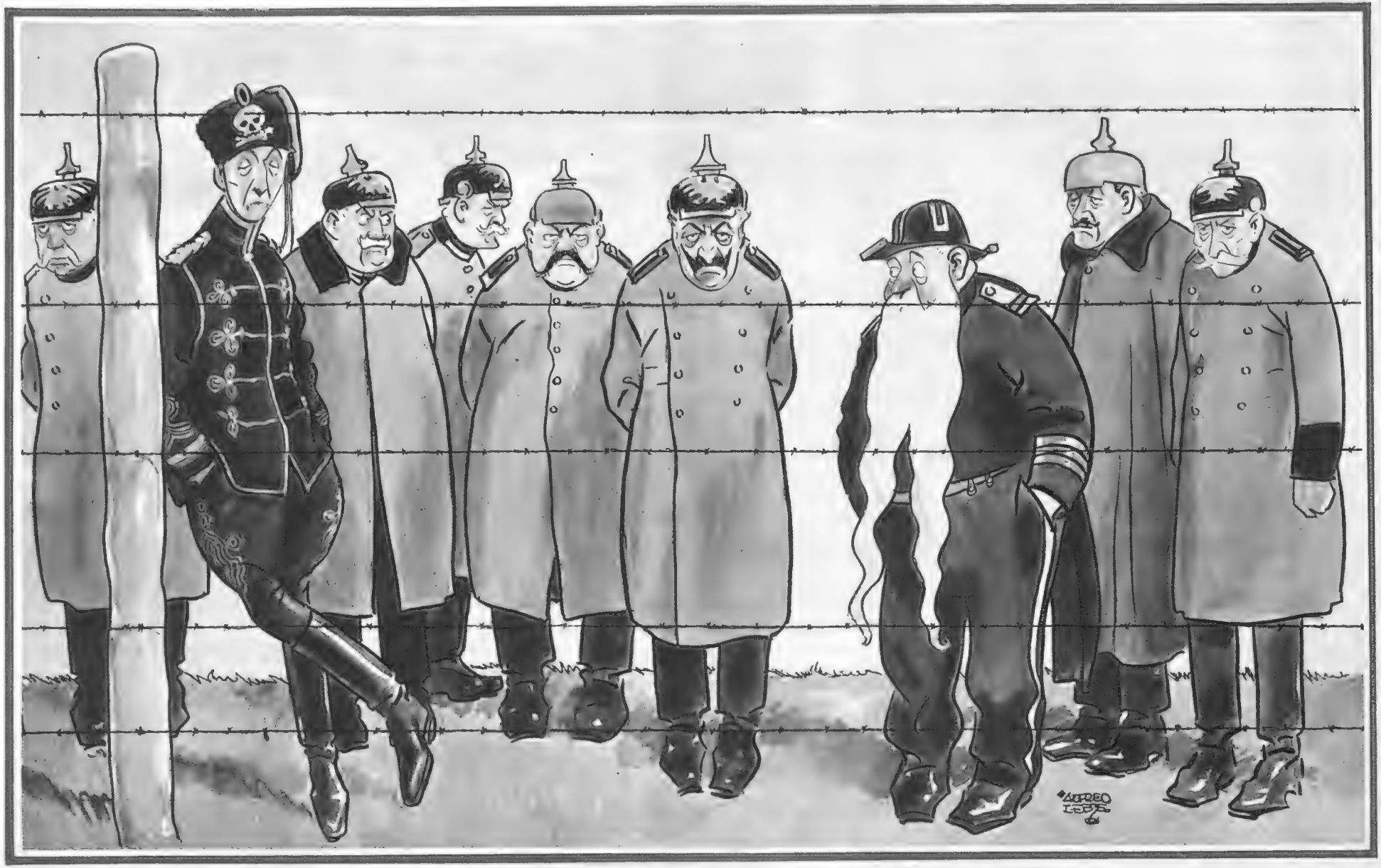
"Rien ne

On May 1st last, when "The Kaiser Battle" was being launched, THE BYSTANDER publishe
The ball was set rolling, and now the

va Plus!"

the double-page cartoon shown in the small inset picture under the title of "The Final Stake." e croupier is about to rake in the stakes

The FIRST Condition



BEFORE WE START DISCUSSING THOSE FOURTEEN POINTS

The Bystander, October 30, 1918

VICTORY SMILES?

A snapshot of Enver Pasha and Marshal von Mackensen. The smiles have come off, but the victory hasn't

CAP OFF

By CECIL SOMMERS

THE red-sashed, black-faced Soudanese waiter was careless enough to upset a plate of soup over the General. The General was wearing, for the first time, his new fourteen-guinea uniform of lightest gabardine. To make matters worse the culprit talked back. "Maleesh," was the word he used, accompanying it with a winning smile, and as "maleesh" and "it doesn't matter" have the same meaning it must be admitted that the waiter showed a certain lack of tact. The General was full of wrath. He cast his eyes round the dining-room of the hotel in search of a victim for his spleen. Prosperous Greeks, with their generously-proportioned womenfolk, sat lapping sugary champagne, and an animated party of Italians discussed the afternoon's sport at the pigeon shooting. But the General cared for none of these things. Frenchmen, Spaniards, Armenians, and Egyptians all added their quota to the babel; but the General heeded them not. His eye roamed from one khaki group of officers to another. An insufficiently cropped head of hair, a pair of fancy socks, a stick of unusual shape, a "Charlie Chaplin" upper lip, all or any of these would have given him his chance. There was nothing doing. A silver identity disc even might have afforded him an excuse, but this, too, was denied him. Never before were so many A.C.I. reading, A.P.M. fearing officers gathered together.

In despair, he almost decided to reserve the vials of his wrath for the Staff Captain next morning, when: "By Jove! Do my eyes deceive me? No, damme, sir, they do not. It is actually a British officer, a British officer upon my word, seated at that far table with—with—with—HIS CAP ON AT DINNER."

The purple veins on the General's cheeks throbbed in anticipation. What a strafe it was going to be. "By Gad, sir! Unheard of! Preposterous! What is the Army coming to? Scandalous! Disgraceful! In the old days——!"

A major rose from the next table, his dinner finished. The General summoned him.

"Just go over to that officer—there—the one with his cap on—yes, the one with his cap on—and tell him from me to take it off at once, you understand, AT ONCE. And order him, too, to report to me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock!"

The message was duly delivered; the messenger seemed to be troubled with a cough as he hastily left the room.

"CAP OFF" (concluded)

But the cap remained on. The General's eyes almost bulged out of his head. "Insolence! Impertinence! The young puppy! Gross disobedience! Perfectly damnable!"

The General jumped to his feet and strode across the room in incredible fury. Chairs fell before his onrush. Waiters fled. Diners dropped their forks and stared. Only the wearer of the khaki cap went on eating, blissfully ignorant of the coming storm.

"What the—what the—what the—the devil do you mean sir, by keeping your cap on—you insolent young——!" Words failed the General and gave the victim a chance.

"I—I'm not allowed to take my hat off in a public place," quavered the lady doctor, looking up for the first time.

CECIL SOMMERS

A SLEEP CONTROLLER has been suggested. When sleep is rationed five cards will do for a nap.

■ ■

A WOMAN sued a firm of dyers in Dublin for dyeing her coat nigger brown instead of light brown. Her real grievance is that she was dun brown.

■ ■

THE net of a Grimsby trawler landed a huge mine amongst the fish. It appears that the mine saw the net, but did not know there was "a catch" in it.

■ ■

HANOVER COUNCIL has presented a house to Hindenburg. While glad of the present, he is worried about his future.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

SHE: "It is so much nicer getting along like this with only just what we can comfortably carry ourselves; isn't it, Jack?"

In Mespot

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE MELON SEASON

"Quite Baseless"

Official Photograph

THE WRECKED INTERIOR OF CAMBRAI CATHEDRAL

A Berlin telegram states that the report that the German army has received orders to cease unnecessary devastation in evacuated areas is *"quite baseless"*

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

"Somewhere in France"

THE DAWN OF WEALTH

My Dear Bystander—

With the end of the war in sight, I have adopted a new motto. My motto now is "Think commercially!"

Something tells me that the day is not far distant when the world will know me as a captain of industry instead of a mere temporary captain in the B.E.F.

I have printed THINK COMMERCIALLY on a piece of cardboard and have stuck it up in my billet where my eyes can rest upon it as I lie in bed of a morning.

I allow myself ten clear minutes every morning to think commercially. Colossal money-making schemes come racing through my mind in bewildering succession, and my only fear is that I may get paralysis of the brain before the golden harvest can be gathered. Reckoning on the enormous amount of liquid refreshment that will be consumed on the declaration of peace, there will probably be a small fortune in selling coloured fluid in labelled alcohol bottles, trusting always that the purchaser will be too excited to detect the artifice, and if he should that he will feel too kindly disposed on such an auspicious occasion to say hard words to anyone.

I have bought a little book on psychology to make quite sure about this. I am also contemplating a scheme after demobilisation of buying up all the second-hand brass hats I can get hold of and retailing them to the natives of Wanga Wanga at the rate of one ivory tusk per hat. I am also training my batman, Charlee, to think commercially. He has made a capital start. He has thought out a scheme for reducing our gas bill by over forty per cent. as well as — but this is really too confidential a matter to touch on in any detail. In any case, I should have to obtain Charlee's permission first.

I flatter myself that in Charlee I have discovered a man in a million—in Charlee I have found the personification of human worth. Never was man more virtuous, never was the old Adam so perfect a stranger. And hardly, if ever, was man more eager to oblige. It was Charlee who, in the face of overwhelming odds, contrived to get the last case of whisky from the canteen; and it was due to his eagerness to get it home quickly that he dropped it off the carrier of his bicycle while pedalling at the rate of twelve miles per hour.

I chanced to be passing at the

TERMS—CASH!

"Say! Cut out the hot-air, drop that club, put those apples back, and pay for what you've spoilt

moment and I saw a sight that shook me like a leaf.

A small, silent crowd of people, in the centre of whom the lank figure of Charlee was easily recognisable, stood in the middle of a cobbled street gazing in a fascinated way at a large crate from the bottom of which a thin yellow stream wound its way tortuously across the street. I shall never forget the look on Charlee's face, as, with bulging eyes, he stood in contemplation of his handiwork.

His haggard gaze met mine.

"There's been a slight accident with the whisky, sir," he muttered huskily. And even as he spoke a sudden ray of light illuminated his troubled features. "Thank Gawd you ain't a Scotchman, sir!" he blurted, and hoisting the leaky burden upon his shoulder, staggered rapidly away in the direction of the billet.

Yours ever,
JACK JOHNSON

IN PARIS: Peace Preparations

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

I THINK that the pavements and the streets begin to make the sound of the victory and of the peace. In the summer they made no sound at all. They were quite dead because there were so few heels to hurry along and make them talk. But now, oh, *là là*, the difference! One says: "Where are all the people come from? Where have they all been? It is a miracle."

YOU know we made the very good pretence in the sad May and June that it was what you call a business as usual in Paris; but now we can make the true confession. It was *horriblement triste*. In the Grande Boulevards one was quite afraid to go because it looked so foreign. One saw only the Americans with their long, sad faces and their strange way to chew like the cows when they lie in the fields. They would walk along in little groups and regard everything as they passed.

AND there would be the Kabyles who sweep the streets. They would sit on their brooms or in the sun by the wall when they should be to work to water the streets, and there were so few people to see that one noticed them every day and thought how many there were, as if one was come in Algiers. But now one does not notice any more the Kabyles, and it does not seem at all as it has done that it was only the Army of the U.S. which occupies our Paris. There is of everybody.

THE pavement is crowded like in the week of the Grand Prix. And all the auto-taxis and the old *voitures* and motor cars which seem to have slept all the summer are come again out. Not since so long and so long have I seen the policeman at the Place de l'Opéra stop so many carriages to cross while the others come along the Boulevard. Almost it was like in peace time, and with everyone it is that the spirit to live again, and not to be always unhappy, has begun.

"One saw only the Americans"

"The Kabyles who sweep the streets"

YOU know, my friends, I think we have been more unhappy with our war than you. It has been for so many of you a great big adventure. You were never afraid that you would not win quite easily, and you had the great emotions to make your armies and to discover how well they could fight. But for us I am sure we have very often been afraid that our brave *poilus* would be all killed and that in the end we would not win, though we have never said so. Only we did not dare to dance and to be gay very loud. But now everything begins to change. Every night the theatres are again crowded so big. Perhaps there are many of our Allies who make the audience, but there are also the real French people. There was one night

(*Continued on page 209*)

"DOWNED!"

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LUXURY TAX IF IN FORCE EXTRA

"THE BYSTANDER OVERSEAS" (*concluded*)

when we have made a party to go to a little theatre of Montmartre, and how it was good to see everyone laugh again at the stupid revue. It is the first time since so long we have made a party to Montmartre and laughed all together at the sillinesses. Perhaps everyone laughed louder because they have not laughed so long, and the *poilus* laughed loudest of all.

I THINK it will be quite soon that everyone will begin to forget the law that there must not be dancing, and that, if there is enough coal to make the light, the cafés will begin to be open later. Then how many British soldiers there will be who will come to Paris for their leave. There will not be again the lights of the Moulin Rouge, and it will not be quite at once that the life will begin; but oh! how one can feel it already, though the streets in the nights are still so dark, when there is not the moon, that Edouard has complained that he has injured the nose of his face against two policemen, whom he has not at all seen as he was going to his apartment.

IN the day what activities we have now which have been so long dead. I think in France we will make quicker the return to our old ways than in the other countries. Everyone already arranges his work for *après*—it is not the trouble now to say *après la guerre*. There is the husband of Madame Perrin of the café at the corner, who is *sous-officier* in the Army of Gouraud, who has written that Madame must get all made new with new paint and new chairs for the *terrasse*, because next season will be so much custom with the peace. He says that he is not yet decided whether he will give the new name to the café of the *Café de l'Armée Gouraud*, or of the *Café de l'Étoile de la Paix*.

AND there is Victor Reuil, the nephew of Léonie, who has written that he will not return to the farm of his father, but will become a *garçon de café* or a *chasseur* because he wishes now to see the gay life of Paris after so long in the outdoors; and it is so that all our *poilus* amuse themselves to arrange for the next year.

"We have made a party to Montmartre"

IN our life our little parties of the war begin to become bigger, and in the studios there is so much to be done to improve all the pictures which have not been sold since four years and to begin to spend the money which some day someone will pay. My friends, I think that in Paris it is the first time since the war that we have dared very much to hope, and even yet we are afraid—not of the victory, but that it shall be still too soon to make our rejoicing.

YOU know, there is for every one a something special always for which he wants that the war shall be over. It is for some that their husbands shall be safe, and for others because that they will have their sons. And for the soldiers there is much that they want. I suppose it is like that we are all thinking, though some do not tell for what it is especial that they want the war to be over. It was of that I thought yesterday, when Léonie has brought me a letter.

"FOR what do you most wish that the war will soon be over, Léonie?" I asked. She has thought quite hard and then she said: "So that we can go back to the château in the Haute Marne, Ma'amselle Agnès, and leave this Paris, where everyone is a robber, and the apples cost twenty sous the *livre*." It would be a curiosity to know like that the reason of every one why they want peace.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

"He will become a chasseur because . . ."

Books of the Week

A Rather Futile Family

MR. ERIC LEADBITTER is one of our more careful novelists. His work is invariably good though not always of equal interest. *Perpetual Fires* (George Allen and Unwin: 6*s.* net) is good reading and yet disappointing. It is the story of three generations of a rather futile family. The grandfather is a novelist of the second class, the father is pompously inept, and the grandson, killed in the war, is a musical genius. The relations between these three people are admirably and faithfully described, but you cannot help feeling that Mr. Leadbitter might have chosen a better family for his purpose. However, the whole picture is drawn with such exceptional skill as to interest you in its futility in spite of yourself.

卐 卐

The Flying Poilu

THE air just now is predatory. It is taking all it can get. Even the majority of war books seem to have their genesis somewhere in the clouds. Quite the most delightful of these is *The Flying Poilu* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Marcel Nadaud, which now appears in an English dress. Nadaud is himself an airman in the French Army and knows well enough the scenes and events he so amusingly describes. His Chignole is superb, a French Admirable Crichton who would assuredly be welcome in any squadron. Chignole, indeed, is the French fighting man at his best, romantic, lovable, successful. And his adventures, which only a few years ago would have been frankly incredible, are uniformly delightful. The book is splendidly produced and should make the jolliest possible present.

卐 卐

A Chaste Man

MR. LOUIS WILKINSON'S second novel, *A Chaste Man* (Heinemann: 6*s.* net.) is an extremely clever piece of work which has apparently shocked America, where it appeared first some little time ago. It may shock people in the old country as well. The work is unusual, insomuch as it is not written from the conventional standpoint; and it is possibly this fact which has upset the American reviewers. Of the cleverness of his character-drawing, however, there cannot be a doubt. Mr. Crockerton Deavith is a clown, but a believable clown. Mr. Cyprian Strange, who dies of consumption, is a figure not easily forgotten; yet he makes no very great intrusion into the story. The Glasden Street family is shown in all its commonness, and its sordid tragedy does not seem strained. The reason is simple. Mr. Wilkinson is a sincere writer unused to the camouflage practised by some popular lady writers. There is virility throughout his work, even though his hero will strike some people as the reverse of virile himself. R. S.

RE-ASSURING

THE CRANK: "Please do tell me there's no truth in the rumour that you're going to cut his claws"
WOODROW: "All darned lies, sonny, all darned lies! We're going to wring his neck"

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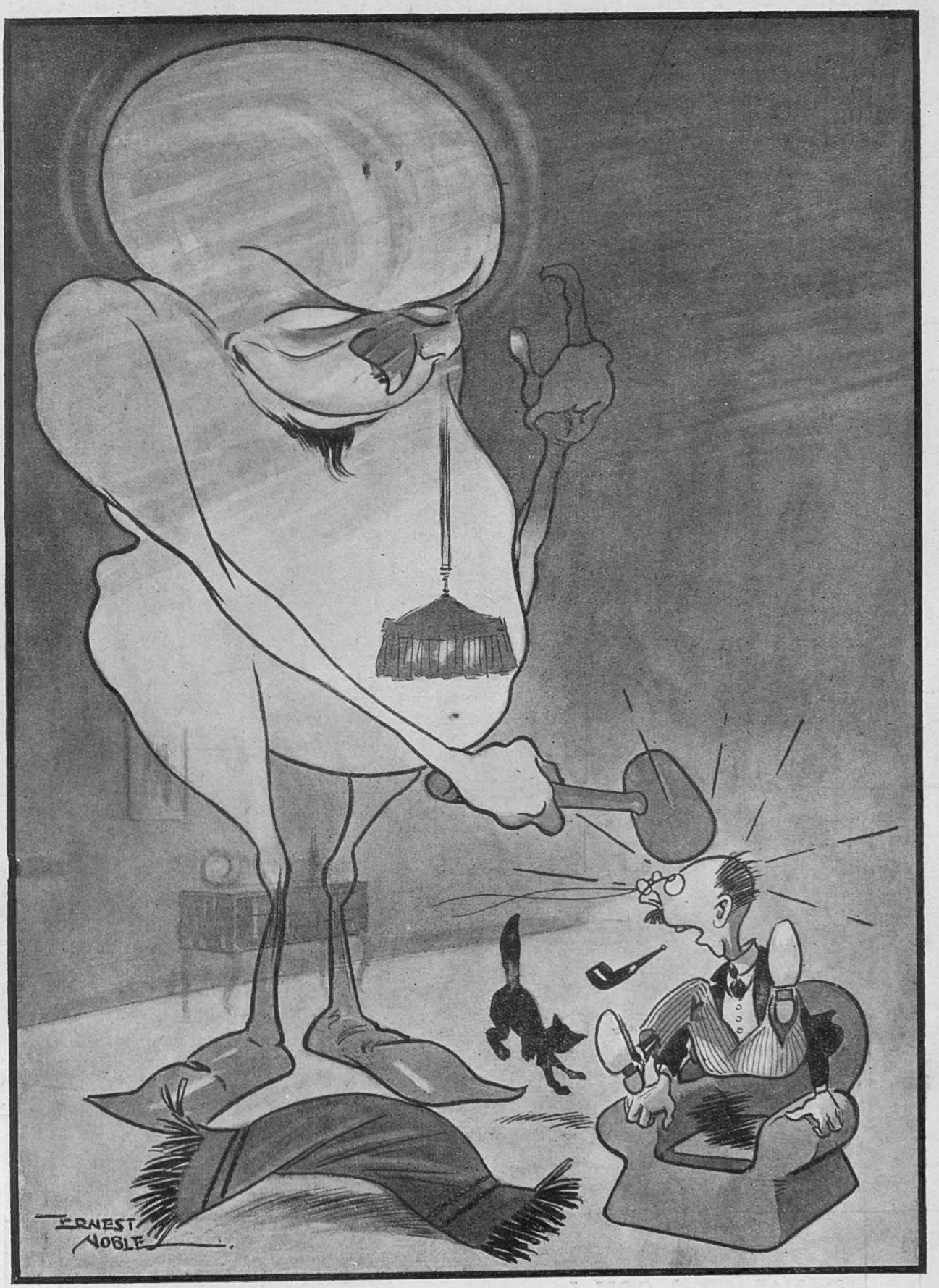
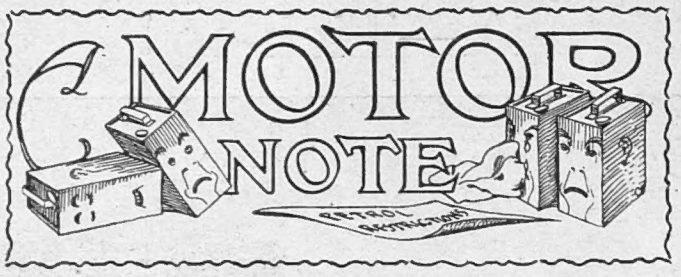
A—Tich-oo!



"GOOD EVENING! I'M THE NEW INFLUENZA!"



Alas and Alack!

It is too bad that the amalgamation of the R.A.C. and the A.A. should not have come to be, and I should imagine that nobody could be more disappointed than Messrs. Julian Orde and Stenson Cooke. Both of them, despite war-work pre-occupations, must have been keenly interested in the possibility of fusion, because neither of them has ever been unaware, or even pretended to be unaware, of the enormous potentialities of one big body unquestionably and self-evidently representative of British motor-vehicle users.

For the moment the amalgamation is definitely "hoff," but the idea is far too good to be dropped for very long. Its protagonists have fought and failed, and therefore run away. But they will live to fight another day—one hopes, very devoutly, with better success.

I don't pose as a whale on figures, but I should guess that the combined membership of the R.A.C. (and its affiliated clubs up and down the kingdom) and the A.A. would be something very like a quarter of a million; possibly more. What a constituency! What a backing for anything really important in the direction of desired legislation! Those tens of thousands of Cornishmen, who were rightly solicitous concerning the integrity of the neck of Mr. Trelawney (No; *not* he "of the Wells") sound a mere deputation by comparison!

***

Across the Water

There was a sudden mounting of gang-planks recently when a round half-dozen of the principals of American companies in the motor and allied trades dashed across to the land of the free, the home of the brave, and the waving-place of what the elevated engineer called "th' shtar-bangled Shpanner." This concerted rush across the ferry suggests something quite interesting on the agenda, and a reasonable guess as to the business before the meeting is that it had more or less to do with importation duties on American cars, tyres, and accessories after the war.

Present deponent would give a great deal to know just what will happen in this connection. Meanwhile, as speculation seems rather idle, it is to be hoped that British manufacturers will not abate anything of their promised zeal in constructing their after-war plans because of vague rumblings concerning "30 per cent. on everything." Tariff protection is merely an earthwork. It is not enough.

If—as is hardly to be considered seriously probable—American cars and other motorists' requisites were to be penally taxed, Uncle Sam would probably get exceedingly busy, even to the length of expectorating in the palms of both hands, and buckle to the job of producing in such quantities, and on such lines, as still to keep us busy in competition, 30 per cent. an' all, an' all!

If Britain will do all she can, she has no need of tariff fences against her own Allies, now or in the future. Let us keep the Hun in *his* place; let us give our own producers first favours; but we must not penalise the countries who have helped us smoke-out the Hohenzollern hornets, it would seem to me.

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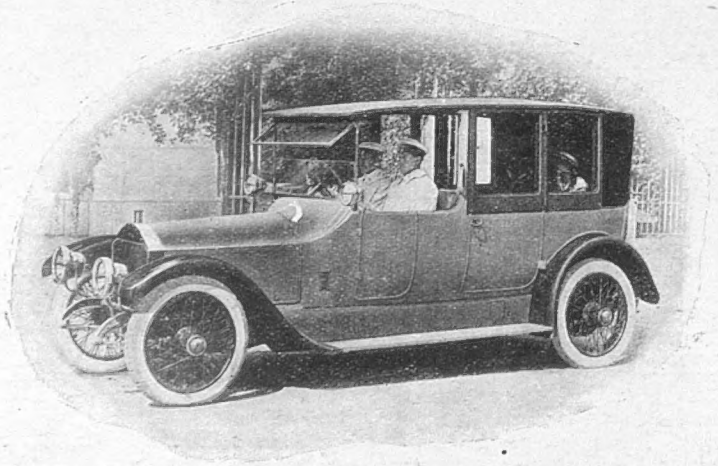

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